PS
3501
A854t

A
000 919 325
1
UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

Thoughts in Gold

T.J. Atchley

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

THOUGHTS IN GOLD

ATCHLEY

THOUGHTS IN GOLD

T. J. ATCHLEY

illustration.

E. Covey Beeley

T. J. Atchley

TO

E. M. F. N.

610561

Roses grow for the living
And never one weeps for the dead
This message comes from poppy red
And violet bed

Blossoms know only of gladness
And never one bows its head
In sorrow for the fallen leaf
Or tree that is dead

The pansy opens its beautiful eyes,
Just as the dawn
Is coming on,
And looks with hope toward the skies

THE MAN AWAKE

Here's a cheer for the man awake!
Ho! for the plan and the deed!
For the man of deeds shall win and take
Earth's good to meet his need.

HOPE

Beyond what seems to be
Around us and above
Is hope for you and me
In ever present love

And hope for every one
Through constant love for God
And faith in Christ, His Son,
And man above the clod

The power that raised the dead
And stilled the ocean wave
Is everywhere, instead
Of just beyond the grave

This evidence is clear
As anything can be
In what of good we hear
And all of good we see

Of every living thing
It is a vital part
An ever-flowing spring
That empties in the heart

THE WREN

I m always glad when winter comes
And trees have shed their leaves, for then
I loiter much around the brush
And watch the antics of the wren.

In hedge-like place it finds delight,
And chirps more sweetly when it snows.
Who is companion to the wren
Must follow where the winter goes.

MY TABBY CAT

My little tabby cat has learned
  So many things to do
I wish that you could see her now
  I know you'd love her, too

She often climbs up in my lap
  And likes so much to play
But when I'm rough and pull her tail
She quickly bounds away

A tiny string I dangle then
  Or drag across the floor
In front of me, and back the comes
  More playful than before

THE COMMON DOG

It seems to me in many [illegible]
The common dog deserves more [illegible]

TO HAZEL

A maiden to a fleet
One may compare
For when one thinks one has her
She isn't there

DEATH

Must death once conquer life,
And man seek here for truth in vain?
Why must he die to live again?
When death is but a dream

The opposite of life
On verdict then of sight and sense
Shall man rely in confidence
When death is not the end?

TWO IS COMPANY

If little brother only knew
When sister has a beau,
That two is company; three a crowd
And from the room would go,
There'd be fewer old maids

Faith and hope rout doubt
Free each life
From petty strife
And keep the devil out

A linnet perched on branch of tree
Said "Twee, twee, twee!"
I thought it was frantically calling to me
And in response I waved my hat
"Twee, twee!" I wee, twee!"
It repeated to me
But when I saw a kitten in the grass
I knew the bird was scolding the cat!

THE THINKER

The mind of the thinker wanders
  Far from common thought
And long in silence ponders
  What it cannot grasp

And yet through human seeing
  Oft is found delight
The very soul is speaking
  Yearning to impart

The boy who ducks a little kitten
And thinks he's having fun,
May feel the sting that brings regret
Before the day is done

BRINGING HOME A BEAR

While hunting once I caught a bear
And brought it home with me
Alive! The way in which I did
Read on and you shall see

Though what on the road to failure
[illegible] a man upon his way,
But lack of courage, strength and will,
A higher impulse to obey!

The daisy winks at the peep of dawn
And smiles at the sun's first ray

TO VIRGINIA

Pleasing as a breath of air from grassy [illegible]
in spring is my memory of you

The promise of reward oft spurs to endeavor
that ends in disaster

Sunshine breaks through the shadow of doubt,
And oft, when it is winter without,
In each of our hearts it is June.

TO THE GIRL WITH RED HAIR

The girl with dark red hair is charming:
Never lies
With her eyes,
Except in bed on Sunday morning

A SOUTHERN BOARDING HOUSE

I dreamed I had about a million dollars,
But how it was acquired I shall not tell:
At any rate I was a happy mortal
Until I heard the tinkle of a bell

The final ring one chilly Sunday morning
That summoned me to come without delay.
And though I did not have important duty
That made it necessary to obey

I understood the situation clearly,
For oft I'd seen the boarders eat before
That if I did not reach the table duly,
The chicken's neck I'd draw and little more

The sudden loss of such a mammoth fortune,
And breakfast that I wanted but in vain,
Disturbed me so, in bed I rolled right over,
Tucked in the quilts and went to sleep again.

CUPID'S WAYS

Love is oft pursued as a rabbit
When it should be stalked as a deer
Till calm caution becomes a habit
And Cupid's ways are clear

Then the love that causes distresses
As seen by the light of the moon,
Would not keep young hearts in meshes
And wed them out of tune

There's naught to be gained by evasion of
fact,
And effort to do it is vain.
It leaves in the heart a stain
That only repentance can erase

You please me because you are witty
I love you because you are good
If I had a chance to kiss you
Most certainly I would

When a cloud appeared to promise hold
With rainbow arched against the sky
I saw the cloud disperse in mist of gold
And all that promise me deny.

With eagerness I turned to earth for sign
Of something that I could pursue,
But soon lost faith in virtue of design
As aid to valued prize in view.

A star then gleamed its welcoming to me.
And I made ready quick to go,
For treasure in that gleaming I could see
Beyond all earthly things of show.

And looked no more with hope toward the sod
For joy to satisfy the soul,
For never ending treasure comes from God,
And in His mercy is the goal.

THE SQUIRREL

In hollow limb with moss and fir
He builds his winter nest,
And summer home in leafy tree
Along the mountain crest.

To place in which he used to live
My way in thought I wend,
To meet again my chum of old
In every sense a friend!

He climbs with ease the steepest hill
And over log the races,
And capers with aesthetic glee
In all the sunny places.

THE MUSIC OF FROGS

Around the lake and down the stream
Through brush and over logs,
I like to creep at close of day,
And listen to the frogs.

For then the frogs along the lake,
And in the creek below,
Are croaking to their friends about
The diff'rent frogs they know

But when I go without a light
And stumble over logs,
The thoughts I have are not about
The music of the frogs

A GRASP OF JOY

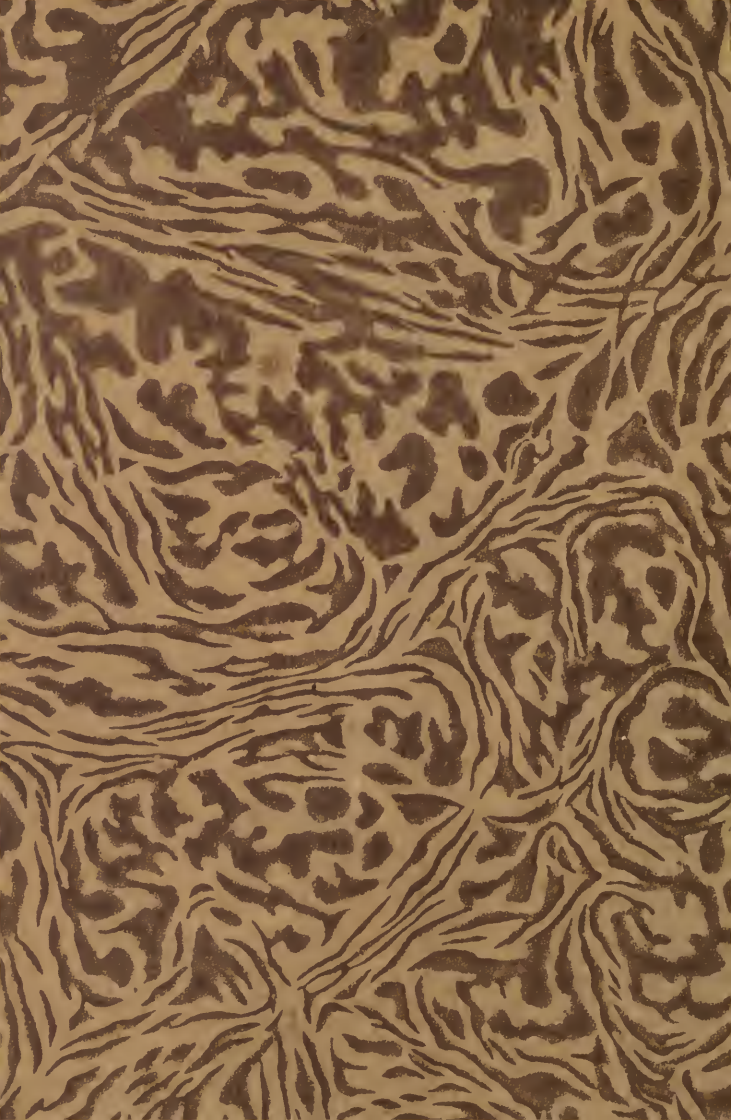
The things of earth which make me glad
I would myself deny,
For light alone to grasp at will
The joy that's on the fly

Then would find the sad at heart
Throughout the world and try
To leave with each a grasp of joy
I caught upon the fly

This book is DUE on the last
date stamped below

2m–10,'48(B1040)470

PS 3501 A854t
Atchley - Thoughts in gold.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 919 325 1

PS
3501
A854t